

## Book and Tract Work.

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I once read of a young man who hired to a merchant for one cent the first day, double the amount the next day, and double that amount the next day, and continue this way for one month. Before the month was out the merchant paid a large sum to be released from his obligation. At the twentieth day the accumulations were considerable. Whether this be so or not, it is a fact that a plan well worked continually result in great success. The following story of a bell illustrates how the principle developed helped a church.

### A STORY OF A BELL.

A very pretty story is told of the way in which a church-bell was paid for. The bell hangs in the church tower of the little town of Grosslasmtz, in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, October 15, 1729.

The bell was wanted in the village, because the one already there was so low of tone that it could not be heard at the end of the town. But the people were poor, and where was the money to come from? Everyone offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough.

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hahn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of wheat, the seed of which must have been dropped by some passing bird. The idea struck him that perhaps this one stalk could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the wheat was ripe, and then plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again and again, till at last he had not enough room to do so longer. Then he divided the seed among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing it until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had money enough to buy a beautiful bell.

And there it hangs, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and above the legend a cast of the wheat stalk to which the bell owes its existence.

### POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

"The most splendid reminiscence of a ruin," says Bishop Doane, in his visit to

Athens, "in Athens is in the sixteen columns of the old temple of Jupiter, the Olympian, which was the second largest Greek temple known to have existed. They stand there in their stately dignity, beautiful Corinthian columns, thirteen together in one group and three by themselves, one of which lies prostrate on the ground. For forty years it has lain on the earth, unbroken except in the separation of its component pieces, and as its fellows outline themselves, still strong and erect against the sky, they seem not only memorials of the grandeur of which they made a part, and speaking witnesses of the past glory of a past religion, but faithful guardians and watchers over their fallen companion. The column was blown down in 1852 in a great storm, but the reason why it fell and the rest still stand, was found to be, that an ant, taking advantage of a small opening in the cement between the pedestal and the base, had worked its way in, and, with the branching corridors of its nest, had gradually broken away the mortar which held it. What ages had failed to do, what the enormous power of a furious element could not accomplish alone, was wrought to its bitter end by the least of all powers in the world, the burrowing and building of a little ant."

### A LITTLE TRUTH.

If a little ant could bring about the fall of a massive column, that had withstood for ages the elements, why should it be thought incredible that a little truth should work under the columns of sin and cause them to fall. A little leaven pervades the whole lump, i. e., a little truth will fire a mind and heart, and that mind and heart may carry the truth across the seas and cause a nation to be born anew. Such being the case, what a responsible position is that of the believers.

### VICTORY.

The following I cut from a tract handed me on the train one day. The subject is Victory. A good subject and handled well.

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God—that is victory.

When you can lovingly and patiently bear with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—that is victory.

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown—that is victory.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory.

### PERSEVERANCE ESSENTIAL.

Sometimes a good brother or sister will purchase a few tracts and scatter them and then think they have done their duty, and because they do not see visible results, conclude that there is nothing in the work. I think sometimes we are too anxious for immediate results, and are not persevering enough. We continue to work in sowing seed in natural ground, and if one crop fail, sow another. So to in spiritual work. It is essential to have good soil, to have it in proper condition, to sow at the proper time, and if failure comes, sow again, sow beside all waters, we do not know which will prosper. It is our business to sow, and we should persevere because God may call us to sow, and some one else to reap, and if we do not continue to sow, there may be a failure to reap. Never give up. God lives.

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

## Our Dead.

GIBSON.—Thomas Lindsay, son of brother Thomas and sister Mary Gibson of Dos Palos, Calif., was born June 18, 1892, and died Nov. 14, 1896, aged 4 years, 4 months, and 26 days. The highest ambition of Brother and Sister Gibson concerning this boy, was that he might become a minister of the Gospel. That hope is blasted, but God knows best, so let us say even through our tears, "It is well." Funeral service on Sunday, Nov. 13, conducted by MARTIN SHIVELY.

BOWSER.—Sister Mary Bowser after an illness of nearly six weeks fell asleep in Jesus on Nov. 18, 1896. She was a member of the church for nearly fifty years, and truly a consecrated devout Christian and mother in Israel. Never had any difficulty in church nor with her neighbors. Attended upon the worship of God and the means of grace when opportunities afforded themselves. So far as is known she left this state of existence without an enemy. At the age of 78 years, 4 months, and 7 days she passed peacefully away, and on the 19, her remains were laid away to await the resurrection of the righteous.